

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXXI.

JUNE, 1879.

NEW SERIES.
VOL. VIII. No. 6.



THE WHITE MICE.

JAMES WARREN has two white mice which his Aunt Sarah brought from the city and gave him. You see that they are about the size of the sly little brown mice that love so well to nibble the cheese and other kinds of food which they find in our closets, but that they are as white as snow, and as tame as kittens.

You must not suppose that all white mice are tame. These which James has were, at first, as wild as any mice you ever saw. It was because he was kind to them that they learned to trust him. Now they run all over him. One night they went to sleep in his coat pocket. He hung his coat upon a nail, and there the mice were still asleep in the morning.

James and his sister Mary, whom you see standing beside him, take great pleasure with these little white mice. They love to feed them and play with them. James says that he is going to make a little cart out of two spools and a nutshell, and learn his mice to draw it like a span of white horses. We dare say he will be able to learn them to draw his little cart, and that they will like to do so. He must be careful that the cats do not have a chance to catch them, for cats love white mice as well as other kinds.

For The Dayspring.

RELIEF FOR THE OUTCAST.

A SPARROW stood at the cottage door,
'Mid the beating rain and tempest's roar,
His plumage wet with the drenching spray, —
A sorry sight was the bird that day.

The ruthless storm had his nest despoiled,
His home on which he had worked and toiled;
And the lightning's blast had felled the tree
Where he with his mate dwelt happily.

That mate had gone, and he knew not where;
The broken nest he had built with care
No longer served for his fledglings' home.
Must all his fond hopes to ruin come?

Desponding thus, by the cottage door
The bird stood, conning his trials o'er;
For he felt his lot was sad and drear,
Of all bereft he had held so dear.

Within the cot dwelt a loving child,
Of the gentlest mien and temper mild,
Who saw the bird on the window sill:
It stirred her heart that he looked so ill.

Then gently she raised the casement wide,
The bird flew in from the stormy tide;
And he perched above the cottage hearth,
And felt him safe from the tempest's wrath.

She gave him crumbs from her cottage seat,
As his plumage dried by welcome heat,
Till the storm without had ceased to pour,
And sunbeams glanced on the cottage floor.

The rescued bird, from its swelling throat,
A strain outpoured in grateful note;
Then his wings outstretched, — he felt them
free, —
Then soared away to a distant tree.

"In as much for these you've fed and cared,
Gave of your cup, and your bounty shared,
In so much ye've done it in your degree,
Ye have even done it unto Me."

GEORGE F. THAYER.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

For the Dayspring.

ROBIN RESTLESS.

BY TANNIE M. SCANDLIN.

THERE once lived, 'way up in a tall elm-tree, a happy family of little robins. There were the papa and mamma, and four of the dearest little children you ever saw. I am going to tell you a story about the youngest of the little birds, whose name was Restless.

He was not like his brothers and sister; for they liked to stay with their papa and mamma, and pick the bugs off the cherry-trees, or sing to the little children who threw them crumbs for their breakfasts. But Restless liked better to fly over the green fields, or up in the blue sky, and play all day.

One bright morning he slept late, as usual, and when he awoke the great sun had risen high in the sky and was looking at him through the green leaves. So he rose quickly, hastily brushed his feathers, and flew into the yard to eat his breakfast.

His little brother and sister told him they were going into the woods with their papa and mamma to call on a poor, sick robin, and they asked him to go with them, but he felt very unhappy, so he said he did not want to see any sick birds; and, after he had eaten as many crumbs as he could, he flew away into an elm-tree in the garden, where he hid his head under his wing and wondered why every one else in the world was so happy, and he so sad.

He had been there but a few moments, when 'way up among the branches a little sunbeam came laughing and dancing down so merrily, that all the leaves began clapping their hands for joy, as they bade their little friend good morning. The sunbeam stayed for a time among the leaves, and

then, before she flew away, came and kissed the unhappy little robin right in his eyes.

"Oh, dear," sighed Restless, "how can you be so merry?"

"Why," said the sunbeam, "I can't help being happy when every one is so glad to see me. I just came from the garden, where I have been shining so brightly on a lily-bud, that it opened its white leaves and let me right into its tiny cup, it was so grateful for my warmth. I try to help people all the time, and that is why I am happy."

"Well," said Restless, as the sunbeam flew laughing away, "if I thought I could be so merry I would go to work too, but I don't know what I can do." So saying, he flew into a maple-tree near by.

He had been there only a moment when a large green leaf said, "Come, little leaves, we must grow fast to-day, for the sunbeams grow warmer and warmer, and we must make a thick, cool shade for the children and birds to rest under." Whereupon the leaves all began shaking themselves and growing so cheerfully that Restless said, "Don't you get very tired, little leaves, when you work so hard all day?"

"Oh, we are never tired long," they answered; "for when the sun becomes too warm, and we feel faint and weary, our Father in Heaven sends us cool showers, or lets the night come to put us asleep. So we are always busy, and always happy."

"Well," said Restless, "I am going to find something to do, to make some one happy." So he flew into the garden close to a lily bed. He had scarcely lighted, when from 'way down in the earth he heard a weak little voice say, "It's no use; I've pushed and I've pushed, but I can't get up." So the robin put his ear down to the earth, and listened, and put his eye down to the earth, and peeped, and then put his mouth

down to the earth, and called as loudly as he could, "What's the matter, little friend?" And the blade of grass answered, "There's a hard stone in the way, and I can't get up to the light." "I think I can help you," said Restless. So he pecked round the stone with his little bill, and then scraped round it with his little feet, and, at last, gave such a hard pull, that the stone rolled away, and the blade of grass peeped up into the sunlight to thank him.

But just then he saw a bird on a tree above him pulling away at a piece of string, so he flew up beside him and said, "You seem to be having a hard time, Chickadee."

"Yes," said the little bird, "I am trying to get this string for my nest, but I can't break the knot." "Let me help you," said Restless. So he pulled on one end, and the chickadee pulled on the other, and they worked and worked till they broke it right in two.

Then Restless took one piece in his mouth, and the chickadee took the other, and they flew with them to the bush where the little bird was building its nest. I wish you could have seen it, children, it was made of sticks and straws and bits of string; and the chickadee told the robin it was almost done, he only wanted some soft wool and feathers for a lining, and then he and his little mate would be very happy.

Restless made him quite a call and they became very good friends, and then they bade each other good morning, and the robin once more flew to the garden.

As soon as he came near he saw all the leaves were clapping their hands, and the flowers nodding their heads and sending out their sweetest perfume, so he flew to the ground to see what was the matter; and running down the path he saw three happy little children, coming among the flowers, talking about them and counting those

which had blossomed during the night, and soon close to the lily bed they saw the little robin. "Oh! Here's a new bird," they all cried, "he never came to the garden before; please tell us your name, pretty birdie." So Restless jumped on a tall lily leaf, and sang as bravely and loudly as he could:—

"My playmates call me Restless,
But I'm a little bird
That *people* call a robin;
Perhaps of me you've heard.
I love the birds and flowers,
And little children too,
And if you will not harm me
I'll come and sing to you.
I always shall be helpful;
To make all glad, I'll try,
And you must, like me, children,
Be brave and true. Good-by."

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.

WHATEVER you do, never set up for a critic. We do not mean a newspaper critic, but one in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one good, and it will do you harm, if you mind being called disagreeable. If you do not like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, do not put your feelings into words. If any one's manners do not please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste: recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, and the speech of that one, the dress of one, and the opinions of another, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will be pleased with you; and, if it is known you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.—*Selected.*

Written for The Dayspring by the Ladies' Commission.

LETTERS ABOUT BOOKS.

XIV.

HILLSIDE, April 16, 1879.

DEAR AUNT ANNIE, — We were perfectly delighted to hear about the new books, and shall be on the lookout for them; though we have no idea of reading nothing else. As I wrote grandmother, it was so nice to have her tell us about her pet books, we are going to know them speedily. As for that letter on English History and Natural History, it has been on its travels till it is nearly worn out, so many boys and girls are interested in one or the other of those two things. Then some of us were particularly glad of what you said about books that are not just of our way of thinking, like some of Miss Yonge's; for we had been puzzled about them, though they are so interesting. I suppose it is better for us to know how both sides look; and so Ruth and I begin to understand why you put in "Pigeon Pie," which we got quite wrathful over, because it is on the Cavalier side, and we are Roundheads!

I can tell you we agree with you about those dreadful perfect girls; we never saw the like, and don't want to. We knew "Elmira's Ambitions," but we got it out again, and liked it better than ever. It is just as natural as it can be, and I suspect it hits every girl somewhere, more or less hard. I wonder what you will write about next. Story-books pure and simple, I guess. We'll be glad of any thing. Your loving niece,

HELEN.

XV.

Boston, May 12, 1879.

DEAR HELEN, — You are right. A letter about story-books "pure and simple"

was in my mind when your welcome note came. As it would be rather wild work to launch out on such a subject in general, I will classify a little, and take up one kind, — those that tell about children in foreign countries. Cannot you imagine a little French or German child begging some visitor from America to tell her just what American children do, and finding it very funny to hear of schools and homes and games very different from their own, with now and then something that makes them cry out in their own tongue, "Why, that's just like us"? This is what is done for you by such books as I speak of, and it seems as if it must be interesting to any children of ordinary intelligence. I did once hear a girl say she "never wanted to read about places away off anywhere," — but then she was a stupid thing. And I have known brighter young folks who read so carelessly that when they laid a book down they hardly knew if the scene were laid in Africa or Kamtchatka, in France or Germany, nor whether the things in it were supposed to have happened in the last month or last century. Now that is natural enough for such as consider it a hard fate that they must learn something at school; and look on the idea of picking up knowledge accidentally, while reading for pleasure, as a kind of cheat. But rational creatures, of any age, will surely agree with me that it is always well to take all one can get of what is good; and that is a queer reason for objecting to a book that, besides amusing you while you read, it leaves you feeling acquainted with some part of the world that was merely a geography name before, so that it has a new interest when you come across it again in your geography, and is much more real if you hear of somebody you know who is

going there. You are twice as likely to understand and remember what you read elsewhere, or hear, from having an interest ready made, — knowledge being a stone that does gather moss as it rolls.

I am sure my interest in Italy dates back to reading over and over again "The Little Merchants," in Miss Edgeworth's "Parents' Assistant." The interest which that started made me look out for other stories or pictures of that land, until I was old enough for "Dr. Antonio" and "Mademoiselle Mori." And so I was ready to be proud and glad when, only a few years ago, the Kingdom of Italy was born, — the country for whose sake men had suffered and died within my lifetime, — yes, and even within your lifetime, my girl.

Another delightful old story jumps you to the other end of Europe, from Italian sunshine to northern snows, from oranges to fir-cones, — Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fiord; or, Norway and the Norwegians." Sometimes, when I re-read what I used to like, I see it is after a little different fashion from what is written to-day, and I can understand its striking you oddly, though I do think it rather foolish to drop a book at once on this account; but in this case there is nothing of the sort. "Feats on the Fiord" reads as fresh as any book just published, and it makes Norway all alive, its strange scenery and its good people. There is adventure enough for the boys in it, and I think they will envy Oddo. I know I used to, girl though I was.

Among newer stories, one of my favorites is "Father Gabrielle's Fairy." This takes you to the wild sea-shore on the coast of Normandy, over opposite England, among fisher-people with their strange old superstitions and their warm hearts. It

tells what they were doing when the fearful French Revolution was roaring like a storm over the land, so that no corner could be left in peace. One of our new books mentioned in my last letter, "A Summer in Normandy," shows this same country as it looks not to those who live there, but to visitors.

With "The Children of Seelisburg," and "Osé," you find yourself in Switzerland, high among those glorious Alps, of which we are apt to think as if they only stood there while summer travellers go to climb and admire; but which are home, and home all the year round, to the peasants whose hardy and daring life is here shown. The story of "Osé," in particular, will go to your heart; it is as lovely as one of "Osé's" own Alpine gentians. The English lady who wrote it has written other books, whose titles you will find on its title-page; they are too old for our list, but you must be sure to read them some day. The "Mademoiselle Mori," of which I have spoken, is one; and others show France in the Revolution, and would follow well on Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," when you read that.

There are some pleasant stories translated from other languages. They are not all equally good; but as it is likely to be the best stories in any language that are chosen for translation, it is probably always worth your while to look at any such books that get into your library. You probably know and love Hans Andersen, whom Mary Howitt has brought over into such charming English. Indeed, I think I sent "A Picture-book without Pictures" to Nanny once, did I not? There is nothing prettier. "Out of the Heart" is another of his. Then there are several stories from the French. One of the nicest is "Marie Derville," the story of a very little girl,

her pets (queer ones!), her friends, and her grown people, — to borrow the idea of a small friend of mine, who spoke of his mamma as "the lady who belongs to me." If you agree with Marie's own opinion of her grandmothers, you will certainly find this book interesting. Nanny and Elsie will like it.

"Micheline" is a much older story, in Normandy again. It brings in one most picturesque place, which you will often hear of in other books, and ought to know about, — "Mont St. Michel," a strange pile, part natural rock, part buildings of the days when what men built was almost as solid as the rock. Another half-grown-up book is "Madame Thérèse," written by two well-known Frenchmen together. We thought this was sure to interest all boys and girls. It is another story of the Revolution, and the scene this time is to the east of France. It shows sadly enough the dark side of war, with all its pains for women and children as well as for soldiers. Indeed, the story is supposed to be told by a little Fritz, who looks on with a boy's eyes at the great events which are happening.

"Romain-Kalbris" is the story of a boy born with intense love of the sea, which leads him through many adventures. Sometimes he is thoughtless, and sometimes not very wise; but always he is honest and tender-hearted, and he has the genuine French capacity for being entertaining. This is a real boy's book.

Leaving translations now, there is another capital story for boys, — "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood." You need not be frightened at hearing that Ranald is a Scotch boy, for its author, George MacDonald, who wrote "At the Back of the North Wind," has carefully put it into English. I hope this is in your Sunday-

school library; but it would be better still if one of the boys owned it, for the bits of wisdom are strown so thick through it that you will never pick them all out at one reading, and Ranald is a capital companion. One feels as if Mr. MacDonald must have put some of his own experiences into the story, it is so real. But the illustrations are poor: I always want to cut them out.

I remembered "In the Golden Shell" as a pretty story, and when I borrowed it to look again, I found good proof of its quality in the way it had been read to pieces by its young owners. "The Golden Shell" is a name for Palermo, in Sicily. Read this book, and you will know why; and you will know a good many other things about an out-of-the-way, beautiful, and entertaining part of the world, and make acquaintance with some nice children beside.

Oh! there are more books of this kind than I can stop to write about. I must have a word about those delicious ones where the scene is in no country in particular, unless it be "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," — the fairy stories which Elsie loves, and which I cannot grow up entirely enough to cease loving myself. Does Elsie know those good old friends, "Fireside Fairies" and "Midsummer Fays"? I have the battered volumes I used to pore over when "I have" and "Oh, had I" were birds as familiar as cock-robins. I revelled too in the "Wonder-Book," and "Tanglewood Tales," where Hawthorne brings the old myths of the Greeks to life in most entertaining fashion. The same sort of thing is done in an older way in Charles Kingsley's "Heroes." It is a piece of good fortune for you young people when a writer, whose work for grown people stands among the best, turns for a while

to do his best for you. Such books have a high character of their own; you will not only get ideas from them, but learn unconsciously to like good writing, and be annoyed by poor work even when you do not know just what is the matter. Now Hawthorne, Kingsley, and MacDonald are men it is good for us to be with; and, when we have begun, we can keep on enjoying them and gaining from them. There is one other book of this sort which I cannot possibly omit, and, as it is small, I fear it is not always bought, nor always taken out. But do hunt it up, if your library has it: "The King of the Golden River," by a great writer, and a man unlike any one else, — John Ruskin. That is fairy, and what else you may find out; it is indescribable, so I will only say I should think every one in the family would enjoy it.

I shall never wish to stop, but here and now I must. So good-by. Your loving
AUNT ANNIE.

ONE who is never busy can never enjoy rest: for rest implies a relief from previous labor; and, if our whole time was spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

YOUNG man, do not be a loafer; do not keep company with loafers; do not hang about loafing-places. Better work for nothing than sit around all day with your hands in your pockets: it is better for your health and your reputation. Bustle about if you mean to have any thing to bustle for. Many a lawyer has got a paying client by working for a poor man who could not pay. Many a doctor has got a good practice by attending closely to a poor one. Such is the world. "To him that hath shall be given." Quit dreaming and complaining: keep busy, and mind your chances.

GETTING BETTER.

GEORGE HARTWELL is the son of poor parents, and lives in the little cottage which you see in the picture. He is just getting better of scarlet fever, and going out of doors for the first time since his sickness. The cart in which he is riding is not a stylish one, but he is happy to be out again in the warm sun and fresh air, and to see some of his little play-mates once more.

John Smith and Mary Jones have wanted to take George out for a fortnight past, and have called at Mrs. Hartwell's door every day to get her consent, but she has not been willing for fear he would take cold. To-day she said that he might go with them for a short time. Then he put on his cap and cape and scarf and went out to the cart, while his kind mother carried out a large, soft pillow to put at his back. How much they enjoy the sport! How happy Carlo is because his little master is out again! How eagerly Mrs. Hartwell is watching her dear boy as he moves down the path! He must not be gone long to-day. To-morrow he can stay longer; and soon he can stay as long as he pleases. His pale face will become ruddy, and his weak limbs gain strength, and he will be able to study and play like his young companions.



For the Dayspring.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

SHE was a mite of a creature, with a wan, weird face, and great brown eyes that seemed always asking unanswerable questions of their owner, or the world, and a sweet, rose-bud like mouth, that in pale patience seemed enduring some hidden torture, like the unappeasable heart hunger that often writes its pathos on unconscious child faces.

She had been sent by the servant up-stairs to Mrs. Stanly's morning room, where that lady sat writing notes of invitation to half a hundred guests, so busily employed as not to hear a sound of the intruder.

Judith had crept up the thickly carpeted stairway, and now stood at the wide-open door, breathless, half afraid to enter, wholly afraid to speak: how should she ever make her errand known?

There is an old adage that runs in this wise: "Heaven helps those who help themselves." We might make another as true, if not as wise: "Accident does for us what we could not do for ourselves." Judith just then *sneezed* and, in trying to make as little noise as possible, made a curious sort of an explosion, that broke with startling force upon the stillness that pervaded the apartment, and caused Mrs. Stanly (though usually a calm, stately sort of person) to exclaim in a voice of alarm, "Oh! what is it?" and to drop her pen, which fell from her hand, and rested on the morning robe of pale blue cashmere she wore, making a direful stain on its delicate beauty. Judith started forward to pick it up, before the lady saw it, or her, and then she stood abashed, frightened out of her shyness for a moment, gasping out,

"Oh! please, ma'am, I didn't mean to! it sneezed itself!" and then looking down, distressed at seeing any thing so beautiful as the lovely dress spoiled, she went on eagerly,—

"Please, can't I wash it out for you, ma'am? It's so pretty! it's just like the sky!"

"Why, child! who are you? from where did you come? who sent you? what was that noise?" Mrs. Stanly asked these questions rapidly, for she was very absent-minded at times, and was startled at seeing such a child in the room, where she had thought herself alone.

Judith timidly replied: "The gentleman sent me up, please, ma'am. But I didn't hardly know how to come in, for all these flowers were in the way," said she, pointing to the rich carpet, where roses lay in garlands, looking real enough to be plucked for their beauty and fragrance; at least, to the little girl who had never before seen a costly carpet: "and then I sneezed, and tried not to, and then you jumped up and this fell on your beautiful dress, — and I'm so sorry!"

"No matter about the dress, child, I dare say it can be made all right again, with the trimming — but tell me, who are you? where did you come from?" asked Mrs. Stanly, kindly, rather interested in her strange visitor.

"Mis' Jones sent me: I live at — the 'Poor Farm,' and she said you had a bundle of woollen rags for the mat old Aunt Patty is making, that you would send to her."

"Oh! I sent the bundle an hour ago by Thomas, my dear, as I told her I would. I wonder how it happened that he did not get there before you left. He rode Black Jess. How did you come?"

"I came around by the village, for I had

to go to the mill with some bags, so I guess that's the reason I didn't see the gentleman on horseback. I know him, 'cause he brought the wine to Aunt Patty when she was sick, — and it made her well."

"But did you walk, child, to the village, and then here. It must be nearly six miles, and that is too far for a little thing like you! You must be very tired." And Mrs. Stanly rang a silver bell that stood on her table, and a servant quickly answered its musical peal.

"Ah! you are back, Thomas. You delivered the parcel to Mrs. Jones? Very well; now take this little girl to the housekeeper's room, and tell her to give her a good lunch, and when she has rested a while tell John to bring the phaeton to the side door, and I will drive her back, as I am going that way."

Little Judith, dazed and bewildered, was led out of the room (stepping very carefully over the beautiful roses), and through long halls, to a cosy room in a wing of the great house, where the housekeeper, a kind, motherly soul, took great delight in setting before her a most luxurious lunch, of which she was too shy to eat much, or really enjoy.

Then came a fairy-like drive, beside the kind lady, in the low, easy carriage, that drawn by two fleet ponies sped over the smooth road as if it were winged; and the pleasure of it seemed unearthly to the poor child, who was never before in any vehicle more swiftly drawn or easily cushioned than an ox cart. Like a dazzling dream passed the short time it took to reach the Poor Farm at N——, and as one still dreaming Thomas lifted her from the seat to the ground; and, quite forgetting to thank Mrs. Stanly for all her kindness, she flew like a bird, to call Aunt Patty to look at the way she had come home. "See

the beautiful horses! Oh! look quick, before they go!" she screamed, excitedly.

Aunt Patty hobbled to the small window. "Lawks a me! did Mis' Stanly drive yer, her own self? What for's she drivin' that man ahind? I sh'think he better do the work an' let her take it easy. What 'd she say to yer, child?"

"Oh! Aunt Patty! she was so good! I scart her 'most to death too, an' she dropped her writer right down on her beautiful dress, and she never cared a bit, and she had me have something to eat and it was so beautiful, and all the flowers, and when I grow up to be a woman I am going to have a dress just ezactly like that, and have my hair dropping down in soft curls with a gold comb just like hers, — that is if it ever grows! Aunt Patty, do you s'pose Mis' Jones will keep cutting it off and off, just as close the minute it grows out a little, — always?" asked poor little Judith, anxiously.

"I hope not, for I hate the sight of it so short; but," said the old creature, with a quavering sigh that told more of the hopelessness she felt than her words, "I can't encourage ye to hope much from Mis' Jones; she's a good meaning woman — but — she's hard natered — hard natered" — she repeated, half under her breath, shaking her palsied head significantly.

"Judy! Judy!" called a voice, sharp as persimmons, from a back room: "where on earth's that child?" continued the acrid voice, coming nearer. "Oh! here you are, Miss! I might have known where to find you! there, take that! for staying away so long." Giving her a slap across the face with the dishcloth she held in her hand, and scolding and taunting with cutting words that matched well her sharp, keen visage, Mrs. Jones, the superintendent's wife, drove the girl before her,

setting her to plenty of work to atone for her "idle gossiping and prinking before the glass," wasting her precious time. "Here, take the basket and go for the beans, and bring me two quarts of meal from the big chist! no dawdling! step quick!" and poor Judith awoke from her dreams of a bright future, to find herself still in bondage, chafing sorely against the drudgery of her unpleasant life.

Thanksgiving Day was drawing near, and yet the earth lay softly smiling, as though wintry storms were fast bound in the icy fastnesses of the far North. The brightly colored leaves dropped reluctantly from their airy homes to the earth, glad when a stirring wind lifted them again to the beautiful, clear skies; the birds lingered, and the poor rejoiced, that the winter was so slow in coming; the children continued their search for nuts and stray apples long after the barns were closed and made snug and warm for their inmates, during the cold weather now near at hand.

Judith was out one afternoon, looking, as she said to herself, "for the last time this year" for nuts and acorns, with which she played "tea-set" in the rare chances she found to play at all, when she found what seemed to be a letter, that must have lain a long time beneath the leaves that had accumulated in the broken trunk of an old oak-tree, that she had plunged into in her search for "cups to match saucers." She carried it home, and showed it to Aunt Patty, who could not make out its superscription, and then to Mr. Jones, who thought as it was a sealed letter it might be of use to try and find the person to whom it was addressed; but Mr. Jones was no scholar, and it was not easy for any one to read writing so defaced as was that on the letter, so Mr. Jones took it to old Dr. Hoxton, the next time he came to see

Tony Blake, the foolish boy who had epileptic fits. Dr. Hoxton did not quite like to meddle with it, and took it to Lawyer Paine, who opened it, and read as follows:—

MY DEAR SISTER:—The bearer of this, my dearly beloved wife, will tell you of the accident which ends my life here. Probably to-morrow's sun will see my wife a widow, my child fatherless! but adversity has taught me to trust that God to whom our mother prayed on her death-bed, as I well remember—"to be a father to her orphan children"—and I bid my poor, suffering wife to take to you my last prayer: that you will receive and shelter these, my dear ones, now to be left penniless and alone in a cold world; and as you help them, may our Father in Heaven reward you! My sight is fading—my strength is gone—but my love for them and you is strong unto death.

Yours, affectionately,

ARTHUR HOLCOMBE.

MRS. HERBERT STANLY,

Knightswood, N—County.

"Why, doctor, that's clear enough,—ah! ha! don't you remember? I see it all! Do you not recollect a terrible storm we had in—let me see—it was in March, the year old Tom Hall was so badly burned; for I was at the Court House; they were trying those fellows that were arrested for setting the fires that had been so frequent that winter, and I took the case for the town. Well! that storm blew down the piece of wall that was left standing, and Jim Ferroll was hit, my man who was waiting with my horse, for I was late that night, and we got him in and sent for you, and you had been up at the Poor Farm, they said, for near three hours—ever since soon after dark, and I went up there for you, and we met on that bare piece of causeway just beyond the Pines; now, don't you remember?"

"Yes! yes! I had just left the death-bed of a poor creature Jones found by the

ten-acre lot, a child by her side. He brought her home, and sent a boy back for her child. She was a young thing—the woman—not much more than a child herself, and the exposure, and trouble, I suppose, were too much for her, a mere skeleton, so emaciated; and she only gasped something like ‘Jule’ once or twice, and her troubles were over, poor thing!” And good old Dr. Hoxton spoke tenderly, as a memory of the pale, slight young woman he had tried to save for her child’s sake came to his mind.

“Well, doctor, that must have been Mrs. Stanly’s brother’s wife and child, it seems to me, for this letter you say was found under a tree, in the ten-acre lot, just where Jones found that poor woman, and where it must have lain all these,—let’s see, how many years? Four—yes! four years come March—it must be!”

“How strange are thy ways!” ejaculated good Dr. Hoxton. “Could it be, Paine? *Could* a letter lie unnoticed there so long?”

“Well, yes! I think this must have done so, for it is here: somewhat stained and blurred by frequent wettings, yet decipherable, and the date is of that very year that I recall. This must be carefully looked into. I suppose the storm blew the letter into some hidden hole where it was sheltered, out of sight, and gradually protected still more by the fallen leaves, till the child unearthed—Why, doctor! is not *that* the *very* child? I don’t know that she ever died; I never heard any thing in particular about her, any way; that may be the *very* child here mentioned.”

“You are right, if I mistake not; though Mrs. Jones always calls her ‘Judith Smith.’ Come with me, and we will soon undo this tangle.”

And by patient and careful search it was

found that “Judith Smith” was “Juliette Holcombe;” the poor, little, despised pauper, niece of Mrs. Herbert Stanly, of Knightswood. A handkerchief was found (in a careful search) in the hollow of the oak-tree, inside which the child had turned up among the dead leaves the precious letter, that rescued her from the obscurity that had enveloped her, and that gave her once more a home and loving friends. The Stanlys were childless and the desire of their hearts was granted, when Juliette’s merry voice echoed through their splendid home, and her ringing laughter chimed in its lofty corridors and halls. Though life now bloomed its fairest for the child, she never forgot poor old Aunt Polly, nor the foolish boy, Tony; but by frequent visits and useful gifts brightened the dull years that remained to them, and the inmates of the “Poor Farm” almost worshipped the gentle child that for four long, gloomy years had dwelt among them, and for years after visitors were told the story, and shown the benefactions of the little lady of Knightswood,—long lost, but so happily found.

“In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

“Let us do our work as well,—
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where God may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.”

Longfellow.

BY A LITTLE GIRL NINE YEARS OLD.

WE thank Thee, Heavenly Father,
This Sunday morning bright,
For keeping us so safely
Through the dreary night.

For The Dayspring.

LETTERS ABOUT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

III.

DEAR SUNDAY SCHOLARS, — There is one beautiful lesson to learn in Sunday school, — the art of giving. Charity is of two kinds. The first is love in the heart, which prompts one to think kindly of others; the second is giving money, or, better, earning money to give, to those poorer than ourselves.

I have a little friend in Baltimore, who sends her pennies to an Indian missionary, named Enmegahbow, who lives in White Earth Reservation, Minnesota. Her pennies have helped the missionary in two ways: he has spent them for his poorer brethren, and they have all learned to love the "Little-pale-face friend," as they call Nelly P—. Sometimes this missionary has been poor enough to eat acorns; yet he is not so poor as to keep the pennies for his own use. I will copy part of his Christmas letter: —

"I love this little friend and love this little gift. God bless the noble innocent heart who remember to the poor missionary. My little friend God saw your little money — and sees your heart. I am sure coming from such source God will bless it and at the last day Jesus will say to you I was hungered ye gave me meat — thirsty gave me drink a stranger took me in — naked clothed me — you may answer Jesus I have never saw you to help you all these — then he will answer you — for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these my brethren — ye have done it unto me. — Now my dear little pale face friend I think that is to be a big pay and a big pay-day for all these dear Christian ladies

from Baltimore who have remembered to the poor hungry missionary and to the poor Red man. Some time I feel very unworthy — very humble to receive these precious gifts from the Baltimore friends — They have always sent us their very first fine clothing . . . my heart moves and laughs for joy — My little friend your picture is in our little sitting-room and we see you every day. The chiefs call you — The *beauty Little pale-face friend* Mah-Kah-wah-te sed—simply mean *Beootiful*. Again my little pale face friend I thank you I love the pennies and shall give and use it where it will likely do the most good."

You see that Enmegahbow makes a few mistakes in writing English: but how many should we make if we set out to write Indian? If the chiefs were to see Nelly laughing, as I have done, they would give her a second name, — Minnehaha, or Laughing Water.

The children in our Sunday school send their pennies to the Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute. April 26, I went with one of our classes to take the \$40.00 we had saved in the mite-boxes the last school year. We never took so much money before. The red boxes are popular, for our children like to see which class gives the most. We happened on a delightful day, when about twenty-four of the little orphans who find a temporary home at the Mission were going through their kindergarten exercises, singing as they learned to do housework. We were too late for the bed-making and the table-setting; but we saw the nicely made doll's bed and well-set table, and examined the boxes, containing miniature glass towels, napkins, with tiny rings, and so on. The excellent teacher told the children to stand erect, chins in, and arms easy by the side. The merry pieces they sang, to the well-

played piano; their attention to the teacher; their easy attitudes, — were pleasing to see and hear. The teacher warned them not to look towards the door when any one entered, but to give their whole attention to her. She wished them to learn to speak gently, as they will do if they follow her. Another hint she gave as to self-command, self-control. When in the broom-drill, instead of waiting for her signal of "one, two, three, four," the minute the music sounded, two or three of the girls began to beat time, instead of keeping their brooms steady, just touching the floor. The brooms were decked with ribbons, mostly a ribbon stamped with the American flag. The teacher, calling attention to the red, white, and blue, asked if they knew what flag it was; told them to honor it, and then she was sure they would do right; she did not believe any one could love his country, and be bad.

After the lesson was over, in going about the house, we were taken into the dining-room, and saw the children busy with their big bowls of broth. They were orderly, asking for a cracker by raising the hand. I advise you, my dears, in your several Sunday schools, each class in turn, to take the annual collection, and see for yourselves what brightness that benevolent lady, Mrs. H——, has brought into the Children's Mission, by having the children taught to sing as they work, and to learn to do housework thoroughly. By it she is helping them for life, fitting them to enter the brave band of workers, who love their work because they know how to do it.

Good-by, dear children, for the present.

Your friend,

E. P. CHANNING.

WHEN is a railroad track like a ship?
When you see a car-go on it.

For The Dayspring.

PERHAPS.

I WONDER what the Robin
Is saying to Blue Jay,
Upon the elm-tree branches,
This bright and sunny day.

Perhaps he's only saying,
It is very queer
To have such backward weather
This season of the year.

And then perhaps he's telling
About the cosey nest,
That he is just commencing
To build his very best.

Perhaps he's asking Blue Jay
To share the nest with him,
And keep it trim and tidy
Upon the elm-tree limb.

He keeps his head a-bobbing, —
This roguish little bird!
He little thinks I'm watching,
And hearing every word.

Can Robins be deceitful?
They have such artful ways.
I think he's winning Blue Jay
By flattery and praise.

Ah, Blue Jay! do not trust him,
Whatever he may say;
Heed not his foolish praises,
But quickly fly away.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

A POOR sick woman used to keep on her window-sill a strawberry-plant in a broken saucer filled with a little earth, because its new leaves and constant growth helped her to feel God's nearness. It makes no difference whether we live or die; we are all in the presence of God, and his handiwork — the flowers, the trees, the streams, the mountains — should ever keep us in remembrance of His nearness.

THE SEA-GULL.

OUR readers will remember that in the May number of "The Dayspring" was a picture of a boy holding in his hands a little boat called the "Sea-Gull." We said that we did not believe the boat would sail well, and invited any of our readers who knew what its defects were to send us word, that we might publish one or two of their letters. The best letter we have received is from a little boy eleven years old, who thinks that the boat is defective in six respects. The letter shows remarkable power of observation, and we publish it with pleasure:—

Boston, May 4, 1879.

DEAR MR. PIPER,—I write at your invitation to tell you what defects I can see in that boat, an illustration of which appeared in the May number of the "Dayspring." Firstly, a very important thing, it has no keel. Secondly, no rudder. Thirdly, it is too wide for the length; looks as if it was all made and then cut in two at the middle. Fourthly, the stern is not the right shape. Fifthly, the mast ought to be nearer to the prow and give more room for the main sail, which is now too small, and less for the jib, which is too large. Sixthly, the jib ought to be fastened to the mast only at the top and bottom.

Yours truly,

ALLIE CUSHING.

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Puzzles.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-nine letters.
 My 14, 9, 25, 18, was a king of Israel.
 My 24, 7, 10, 16, 15, one of the minor prophets.
 My 1, 20, 15, 6, one of the disciples of Jesus.
 My 24, 2, 26, 4, 13, 14, one of the Books of the Old Testament.
 My 14, 16, 17, 21, a necessary article of food.
 My 11, 9, 21, 15, 16, 19, a wicked man said to have been swallowed up by the earth.
 My 9, 22, 5, 29, 10, 28, 27, 20, one of the worthies named in the Book of Daniel.
 My 12, 5, is a personal pronoun.
 My 1, 20, 22, a man remarkable for patience.
 My 3, 9, 8, 23, the fruit of the palm-tree.
 My whole is a declaration from the Sermon on the Mount.

CHARADE.

My first is a state of equality.
 My second is an adjective.
 My third is a place for building.
 My whole is a hanger-on.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

Philadelphia.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A labam A
2. R eube N
3. B e E
4. U ri M
5. T oront O
6. U nicor N
7. S yracuse E

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